THE MASTIVE,

OR

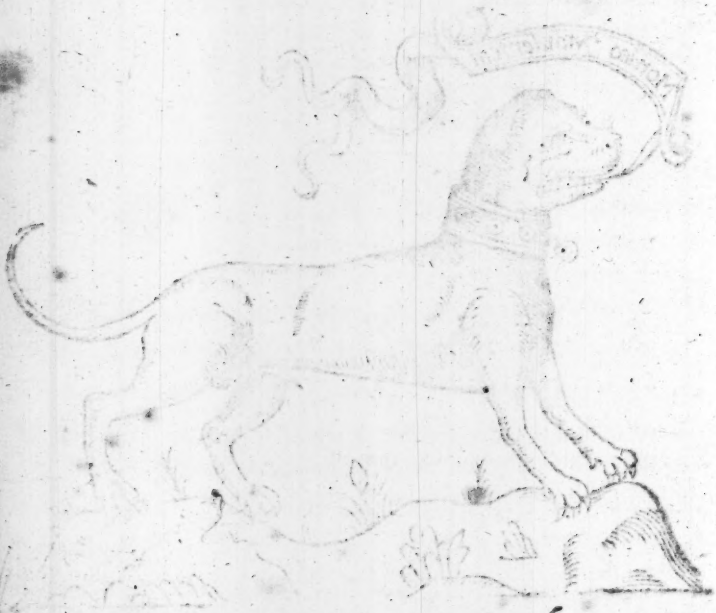
Young-Whelpe of the Olde-Dogge.

Epigrams and Satyrs.

Horat:

—— Verba decent iratum plena minarum.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho: Creede*, for *Richard Meighen*, and *Thomas Iones*, and are to be solde at *S. Clements* Church, without



TO THE VNIVERSALL READER.

GEntle, or if Churliſh howſoeuer its no great matter, (though I perſwade my ſelfe there are not many amongſt you can be ſo dogged as will but offer to bite at me, eſpecially if ye knew how loath I would bee knowne to become your Debtors, aboue all others.) But to the purpoſe; I promiſed not long ſince, to buſie my ſelfe no more with theſe baſtard kinde of commodities, mary t'was with a *Prouiſo*, vnles I otherwiſe were vrg'd by ſuch, as finding themſelues perhaps agreeued, that I laſt forgot them, will now perforce incite mee therevnto, for more aſſured manifeſtation of my remembrance: Whome but to point at in particular, were to lay open their imperfections, whoſe viler partes (for olde acquaintance) I rather may be thought to take pittie of: (and yet could I wiſh to haue your *Clarke* diſtinguiſhed frō your *Sexton*, by more then wearing a pen in his eare) *Sed præſtat tacere, ſuadeas.* For any other more barbarous or fowle-mouthed *Mungrells*, that haue bin lowder barking then the reſt: Ile not defile my hands by giuing ſuch the leaſt of chaſtiſement,

but leaue them peremptorily to the lashing *Dogge-whipper* for those *Curres* prouided.

But now, may some guilty-conceited-*Cocks-combe* take himselfe wilfully by the bottle-Nose, saying: I ayme at him particularly; and so haue colour for what I doe.

If any such will needes so gald-backt prooue, as cannot choose but kick and wince without rubbing, or but at the sound of a Curry-combe only, let them (by my consent) bee sadled for Iades, without dressing, & get the Scratches, till the *Farrier* giue them ouer. In briefe, I would be thought as guiltlesse of blaming, as I was careleſſe of the lines composing: Which if they please; why so: if otherwise, I will not warrant them to bee better worth:

and so Fare-well.

H. P.

Author pro ſeipſo.

LOoke nought for heere of Writers commendation:
Ile not be thought one of their Fauour-winners:
Which would to Lameneſſe ſeeme but ſupportation,
Or as an Offering made for Young-Beginners.
Who knowes not, Tauernes painted Poſts, and Signes,
Are but th' attractiues to deceitfull wines?

XUM

Ad Bibliopolam.

PRinter or Stationer, or what ere thou proove,
Shalt mee record to Times posteritie:
Ile not enioyne thee, but request in loue,
Thou so much deigne my Booke to dignifie;
As first it bee not with your Ballads mixt,
Next, not at Play-houses, mongst Pippins solde:
Then that on Posts, by th' Eares it stand not fixt,
For euery dull-c Mechanicke to beholde.
Last, that it come not brought in Pedlers packe,
To common Fayres, of Country, Towne, or Cittie:
Solde at a Booth mongst Pinnes and Almanacks;
Yet on thy hands to lye, thoult' say twer pittie;
Let it be rather for Tobacco rent,
Or Butchers-Wiues, next Clensing-weeke in Lent.

EPIGRAMS.

A CVLINA AD CVRIAM.

LIXA, that long a ſeruile Groome hath beene,
Will now no more the man be knowne or ſeene:
And reaſon good, he hath that place reſign'd,
Witneſſe his Cloake throughout with veluet lin'd:
Which by a Parradox comes thus to paſſe,
The greazie Gull is turn'd a gallant Aſſe.

Fiant, quæ fata volunt.

ASke ſwaggring *Saltus*, Why he beares ſuch ſway?
He'll anſwere thus; *Things muſt be as they may.*
Aske, How he comes ſo drunken day by day?
Againe ſayes he, *Things muſt be as they may.*
Aske him the reaſon, Why no debts he'll pay?
The ſame replies, *Things muſt be as they may.*
Aske, Why ſo ſeldome he deſires to pray?
Still he concludes, *Things muſt be as they may.*
Thus ſee you *Saltus* nothing elſe will ſay;
Should he be damn'd, *It muſt be as it may.*

Tempus edax rerum.

HEywood was held for *Epigrams* the beſt,
What time old *Church-yard* dealt in verſe and proſe
But faſhions ſince are growne out of requeſt,
As Bombaſt-Dublets, Baſes, and Round-hoſe.
Or as your Lady, may it now be ſaide,
That looks leſſe louely then her *Chamber-maide.*

Fœmina; Quid non?

WHat dares *Gallantus* for his Wench not doe?
Though it concerne the hazard of his necke:
Aske what shee will, or haue a minde vnto,
He streight procures, and brings her at a becke.
Bid him goe rob a Gold-smiths shoppe for Plate,
Stabbe him that calls her by the name of Puncke,
Beate Constables, or Watch for walking late,
Vndoe a Bawde, or make a Pander druncke:
In briefe what is't, that may to pleasure wooe,
But braue *Gallantus* for his wench durst doo.

Leui, leuiora.

M*Adam Fenestra*, fearfull of her Dyet,
Feeds by no meanes on flesh that's tough or olde:
Which brings her queazie stomacke out of quiet,
And therefore pickes on purest can be solde;
Of least-growne Lamb, and tendrest Beefe that's bigge,
The whitest Cow-calfe, and the youngst Sow-pigge.

To Iohn of Paules Church-yarde.

TO thee (*Braue Iohn*) my booke I dedicate,
That wilt from *A-Iax*, with thy force defend it:
And counterchecke each *Cocks-combs* spleen and hate,
That not good language, or good lookes shall lend it.
Thou placed art as *Sentinell*, to quaile
Those secret Foes, our dangers shall pretend:
Making their Top-sailes, Flagges, and Bonnets vaile,
Like to the *Blocke-house* ouer-gainst *Grauesende*.
And to conclude, mauger their worst of spite,
Durst bidde the proudest of them all goe——

Subito

Subitò responsio leui.

A *Doctor* being ask't what meanes he knew,
Were such as best to opening *Physicke* drew:
He not to seeke, for sudden answer sayes,
Ther's nothing better then a *Bunch of kayes.*

Animosus, pediculosus.

MATHO from Sea hath such a purchase brought,
As is not frequent, or of each man sought:
Which to divulgate, *Matho* proues not nice,
Nothing, God damne him, but Out-landish Lice.

Detur quod meritum.

SOTVS must now proue Checquer Clarke at least,
That therto hath bin trayn'd twelue yeeres & more:
Nay, in good sadnesse, hee's much more increast,
Considering what he hath beene heretofore:
Why may not *Sotus* then in case so cleere,
Boldly demand his Calues head euery yeere?

Secreta nostra nobis.

TASSVS from Temple Stayres by water goes
To Westminster, and backe to Temple rowes:
Belike he loues not trot too much the streete,
Or surbait on the stones his tender feete:
Tut come, there's something in't must not be knowne:
But Sir, beleeu't, *The debt is not his owne.*

Tua logice noſtra.

LVCAS on's Lady layes a foule obiection,
Saying ſhe weareth not her owne complexion.
But then her Ladyſhip may ſay he lyeth,
Is't not her owne I pray you which ſhe buyeth?

Vſus promptos facit.

RACHEL at firſt would rayle vpon her man,
That ſcarce knew how to beare himſelf before her:
Nor almoſt which way looke or hold her Fan,
But now (thanks Fortune) finely can come o're her.

Si nihil attuleris ibis, &c.

WAT told his wife how much he late had ſtraid,
Yet faine would *notwithſtanding* pardoned be:
To whom ſhe ragingly replyde and ſaid,
Think'ſt with not ſtanding (Slaue) to anſwere me?
Hath then your *Pinnace* in thoſe Ports beene landing,
And now puts in prouiſoes, *notwithſtanding?*

Indomitis ferendum.

M*Artinus* ouermuch commends his mare
To be the beſt man ere layd legge vpon:
Wer't not for one defect (a fault that's rare)
Shee's onely ſubiect to obliuion:
That ſtumbling headlong in her courſe amaine,
So ſoone forgets, as downe ſhe falles againe.

Tem-

Tempora pro moribus.

PLucke off your Bonnet, you Sir in the feather,
And learne to know when Officers paſſe by:
Thinke you all men hayle fellowes met together?
You would be taught to be more mannerly.
Tut, ſay you knew him nere ſo well before,
Will that be now excuſe ſufficient?
Or ſay his pleaſure be to keepe a whore,
Dare you preſume he liues incontinent?
Non noſtis Summus vitium prenalet?
Et omne maius minus continet?

Domi, & foras Idem.

C*Inis* at Court being lately bid to dinner,
Had thought to make his ſtomacke loſt a winner:
But ſitting downe when each had tane his place,
The meat was gone ere *Cinis* could ſay Grace.
Whereat quoth he, a man may boldly ſay,
From hence the rich are emptie ſent away.

Plus Canis ictus amat.

C*Reta* that cloſely could her ſecrets couer,
Fain'd to be iealous of her loathed Spouſe;
Which he beleeu'd (God wot)& more did loue her,
Preſuming, *London* not her like allowes.
Well, goe thy wayes (thought I) hold on thy trade,
Th'art euen the trueſt he whom God nere made.

Roſa omnibus olet.

ROSE is a fayre, but not a proper woman:
Can any creature proper be, that's common?

Celat sua crimina Sanctis.

CVRTA hath now no colour or euasion,
To meete or frolicke as time late permitted,
Because her husband barres vp all occasion,
That for such pleasures and aduantage fitted:
Keepes her from going to her childe at nurse,
Denyes accesse vnto her Garden-house:
For which shee giues him many a bitter curse,
And sweares, she not esteemes his threats a Louse.
The best escape her cunning can deuise,
Is once a weeke to *Blacke-fryers* exercise.

Curanda primum præsentia.

LETTICE that late was so resolu'd to marry,
On more aduice will now this twelue month tarry:
How should she sooner else indeed dispose
Of the young Bastard wherewithall she goes.

Latet Anguis in herba.

WHen Capring-*Cosmo* comes from dauncing Schoole,
He first commaunds the Maide pluck off his Hose:
Next bids her bring a Cushion and a stoole,
On which (she kneeling) rubbes his feete and toes.
That done, hee calls for's night-cap and his gowne,
Fearing the colde might catch him vnaware;
Nor more will walke forth (sayes) that day in towne,
Whence you may gesse, he hath no Coine to spare.
But that's not it, *Cosmo* to bed is gone,
Causing his shirt be washt that hath but one.

Manus

Manus manum fricat.

BAlbus his Tennants will no more pay rent,
Till for their wiues he first giue them content:
Is't reason *Balbus* without Coyne disbursing,
Get them with childe, and nere allow for Nursing?

Graue Condimentum, &c.

TWo Gossips lately in contention grewe,
Which of the twaine liu'de greatest in esteeme:
And lesse the substance of the other knewe,
Whereby her credit might the better seeme.
Quoth one of them, t'is knowne my charge is such,
In vineger and mustard euery yeare:
Indeed quoth th'other I suppos'd asmuch,
What a deuowring saucie Drabbe you were;
But (which is worse) I heare your Neighbours talke,
The skore runnes yet with Chandlers on the chalke.

Belluinus quotidianus.

DAcus approues, and stoutly stands vpon it,
Thers not a man in *Middlesex* out drinks him:
And thereto dares he lay all's substance on it,
Hee breathes not mortall, one to one that sincks him.
For Sir beleeu't, there's no day comes about,
But *Dacus* drinks himselfe a *Hogs-Head* out.

Vtcunq; si des mutuo.

WHen *Dicke* wants money, he desires to borowe,
No more then (dame him) hee'l repay to morrowe.

Docet experientia.

KAte ſtill complaynes her Mother doth her wrong,
Cauſing her keepe her mayden-head ſo long:
For iudge (quoth ſhe) your ſelfe, if at my ſtature
You felt not then the ſame inſtinct of nature!

Non propria, qua Maribus.

SAy *Beſſe* (quoth *Brutus*) if thou loue me, ſo;
If not, why ſo: tuſh *Brutus*, thus much know:
Since ſhe to loue in Common firſt began,
She lou'd not thee: thou'art no Common man.

Non omnibus idem.

YOung *Lalus* deales on light commodities,
Of choyſeſt Gyrles he ſafely can bring forth:
But yet reſpectleſſe proues to peoples eyes,
As if he were ſome great mans ſonne of worth.
Conſorts with Gallants, ſtands on's reputation,
Eates of the beſt and daintieſt can be ſold:
Scornes to be ranckt with men of occupation,
That are not Gentiles like himſelfe enrold.
Aske how he liues; hee tels the vulgar ſort,
By play, by knowledge, trauell and commerce,
Of which he makes a ſad and long report,
Which they thinke ſimply, without more reherſe:
But to the wiſe and worthy vnderſtander,
He proſtrate proues your priuate ſports-Commander.

Omnia tempus habent.

HOw comes it *Doll* liues ſo demure of late,
That whilome vs'd to frollicke with her friends?

Oh,

Oh, ſhe hath chang'd it ſeemes her former ſtate,
And to be ciuill for awhile intends:
Would any mad Wench preſently on mariage,
Proue her ſelfe pack-horſe for each common carriage?

Irati, Implacabiles.

Dicke with his Dogs in ſuch an outrage grew,
As which was next him he to hanging drew:
Who looking fearefull, faine would backwards gather,
Nay, vp thou goeſt (*quoth* Dicke) *and th'wert my Father.*

Tempus edax rerum.

Lamirio weares an euerlaſting Sute,
That would (ſaith he) all Faſhions yet confute:
Wer't not ſo greazy, and ſo ſtaind with Wine,
Which he hath dropt vpon ſince ninetie nine.

In cauda venenum.

THat *Finch* the Gold-ſmith hath a fayre young wife,
It needs no doubt; ther's none but might her loue:
Then wer't not ſhame and pitty of her life,
If from a Gold-Finch ſhe a Wag-taile proue?

Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.

Cvenlus, carefull of his reputation,
Choſe euermore your priuat'ſt ſporting houſe:
Which leaſt might bring his name in defamation,
Or to ſucceeding times proue dangerous:
But ſee how well he could occaſions quench,
And yet be taken with a Begger-wench.

Multi videntur & non sunt.

CAll *Clinias Coward*, he outragious than;
Dares to aduenture life with any man.
Prouided he be not's superiour,
His vnderling or base inferiour,
Nor yet his fellow: for saith *Clinias*,
Should any of these euils come to passe,
Tis ten to one the quarrell neuer ends;
If I kill him, hee'l kill me by his friends.
Or if my Vassall; conquest is not much,
A noble minde disdaines to fight with such:
And if my fellow; Wisedome tells too late,
True fellowship consists in Loue, not hate:
Bring *Clinias* one that is not of these three,
And then to fight ther's none so bold as he.

Frustra vocaueris Heri.

Dicke had but two words to maintaine him euer,
And that was *Stand*, and after Stand, *Deliuer*;
But *Dick's* in *New-gate*, and hee feares shall neuer,
Be blest againe, with that sweete word *Deliuer*.

Post gaudia luctus.

THree Trades-men & their wiues went all to *Douer*,
To see the Monuments of *Iulius Cæsar*:
From whence to *Paris* would they next post ouer,
And not disswaded be by King nor Keysar:
But spent two hundred pounds on idle motions,
That now in Ludgate liue by mens deuotions.

Rumpit suo pondere pondus.

Ane from the Iustice cannot be acquitted,
Whose Sonne hath deeply vpon her committed.

Filius

Filius ex puluere Patris.

Mllo grew ſicke becauſe his Dad left giuing,
In which conſumption he had dyed out-right,
Had not his death at laſt put him in liuing,
By which good fortune he is dub'd a Knight.
Vnhappy Sonne, to draw that vitall breath,
Who like a Pellican liu'ſt by his death.

In Zoylum.

Zoylus, I heare you take my Rymes in ſnuffe,
Crie fie, t'is Ribaldrie, or ſome ſuch ſtuffe:
But *Zoylus* know, I ſcorne to deale with you;
He writes foule ſtuffe that treates of your baſe crewe.

Vera filia Patris.

WHy ſtrines young *Gallatèa*, for the wall?
If needs you'l know the cauſe (qd. one) you ſhall:
Her Father was a *Maſon*, and they ſay,
It makes her Ladyſhip leane much that way.

Cupens culpare, neſcit.

Dorus diſdaines theſe *Epigrams* I make,
Saying they ſauour not of ought that's in them:
Nay, which is more then that, hee'll vndertake
They are but ſtinking ſtuffe ere you begin them:
And yet before (quoth he) they ſauour'd not:
See how the buzzard talkes he knowes not what!

Malum optanti gratum.

A Wanton Dame that of her Spouſe repented,
(Becauſe he would her now and then diſpleaſe,)

Was told by one (which made her much contented)
That he was hang'd or drown'd beyond the Seas:
Who dreading nought, ask't what might worse ensue,
For this she thought was too good to be true.

Vinescis curua Senectus.

CLaudus with age and sicknes long declining,
That had a Letcher bene in time of yore:
Spying a Lasse passe by him; spake thus whyning,
To one that led him, *There's a lusty Whore.*

Commune diuersorium Meritrix.

IF *Phœdra* were but halfe so chaste as faire,
So kinde as coye, and but so wise as wittie:
Shee would the ruines of her House repaire,
That rent and torne, lye prostrate neere the Cittie.
Where all that trauell, and are come from farre,
May freely enter without bolt or barre.

Saltim videri cupit.

SIgnior *Fantasmo* that Capricious youth,
Posting to *London*, lights vpon these Rimes:
And tells the Stationer for simple truth,
They are but froth and excrements of times.
Who for his purpose no such *Pamphet* needed;
And (but an *Asse*) had long ere now proceeded.

Frustrà laues Æthiopum.

POmus that poore and quondam scruie Scribe,
Rays'd from the rust of rude rascallitie:
Nowproling proones the proudest of his Tribe,
Yet still a Cullion will he liue and die.

Ex

Ex omnibus opes.

THat *Notus* ſhould ſo neerely liue twas ſtrange,
Who died the richeſt Marchant vs'd the Exchange:
Yet on the matter was no Marchant nether,
His ſubſtance came by Sheepe-skinnes altogether.

Domina deminatur Ancillæ.

MAud with inceſſant termes reuiles her maid,
Haſt not bene warnd (qd. ſhe) of this before?
How oft haue I this geere vppon thee laid,
Say; Canſt deny't? Art not an arrand whore?
Yes (qd. the Maid) forſooth it's partly true,
Elſe ſhould I be more honeſt thought then you.

Admoniti fœlices.

MAtura wearie of the Countrie life, (her:
Complaines her Husband nere to *London* brought
That hath this twelue-month prou'd his honeſt wife,
And not conſented ſcarce to one that ſought her.
But bids him roundly herewith looke vnto it,
Be hee a Tinker next that comes ſhall doe it.

Canſidici non ſemper beati.

LEntus the Lawyer prayes the Terme were ended,
That hath not for this fortnight got one Fee:
Nor ought effected as his hopes intended,
And yet in Commons muſt for cuſtome bee:
But if his takings ſtill proue ſuch as theſe,
Let them (qd. *Lentus*) packe to *Hell* that pleaſe.

Stant quæ probata.

Gorgonius ſurfet may with cordiall food,
Able, reuiue him, and reſtore his blood:
But alls in vaine, no Phiſicks Art will doe it,
His wife 'fore any Doctor dares ſtand to it.

Funis multarum. Finis.

Laniſta many Sonnes adopted had,
Whome ſtill he vs'de to title as his owne:
And they as duely likewiſe call'd him *Dad*,
But were on ſudden all diſperſt vnknowne.
Till when *Laniſta* walking *Holborne*, ſpide,
Two of his Broode in Carts for *Tyborne* bound:
Who to their *Syre* with woefull Farwell cride,
No more may wee *your Sonnes* on earth be found.
Yea (qd. *Laniſta*) goes that way the game?
I knew not erſt what of *my Sonnes* became.

Durum telum. neceſſitas.

Laurence his light and late made Sommer-weede,
Will now this winter ſtand him in no ſteed:
But muſt be forthwith forſt, though nere ſo loath,
To chop with Brokers for a ſute of cloath.

Ebria, minus curioſa.

Luxurio to accompliſh his deſire, (quire?
Makes his *Wench* drunke, would you the cauſe en-
Hee's ſo deformd, as not a common-Punck,
But would deteſt him, if ſhee were not drunck.

Sero

Charæ mihi voluptas.

SYr *Ralphe* resolues to leaue this Coourt-like state,
And liue i'th Countrey at a lower rate:
Is it not reason he be close and neare,
That hath but bare one hundred marks a yeare?
Besides the money which his Knight-hood spent him,
Not yet repaide, that so long since was lent him?

Vt Tempora, Mores.

IN *Times* of yore, was neither *Bond* nor *Bill*,
For each would then his word, by word fulfill:
Till when crept in this strange *Catastrophe*,
As some for conformation, wrote *Per me*.
Which now say Scriueners, *non est ita mos*,
It must be *Nouerint per presentes nos*.

Nuptiæ post Nummos.

THere was a *Time* when Men for loue did marrie,
And not for Lucre sake, as now we see:
Which from that former Age so much doth varie,
As all's for what youl giue? or nought must bee.
So that this ancient word call'd *Matrimony*,
Is wholly made *A matter now of Mony*.

Sera vocabitur Heri.

LVke that in *Latine* lately scorn'd to looke,
WOuld now read *English*, might hee haue his booke.

The

Tonſores minus ditiores.

CUtbert admires how Lawyers get ſo much,
And that his commings in ſhould not be ſuch:
Who hath beene knowne a Poler and a Shauer
Theſe fortie yeers, yet nere could proue a Sauer.

Sublata cauſa tollitur, &c.

MArcus hath all madde companie forſworne,
All ſorts of of wine, all womens vaine enticing:
All exerciſe, all pleaſures quite forborne;
All hunting, hawking, bowling, carding, dicing,
His *Purſe* (the maine of all) hath tane infection,
And all that *Doll* can doe moues no erection.

Pro cauſa vt ſuprà.

GAlfridus takes *Tobacco* all in ſnuffe,
Who nere could any from his noſthrills puffe;
Since the *Low-Countrey-warres* of late confign'd him,
To leaue at leaſt his *Smelling-ſenſe* behind him.

Ebrius diſſimulans.

BAtus (though bound from drinking wine of late)
Can thus farre with his Oath equiuocate:
He will not drinke, and yet be drunke ere noone,
His manner is to eate it with a ſpoone.

Tum-

Tandem potiuntur Achini.

Zanthus was zealous bent, but could not pleaſe
His Ladie *Miſtreſſe*, he ſo long had ſerued:
Nor by his beſt attendance once, but eaſe,
Or ſtay his ſtomacke, if he ſhould haue ſtarued.
Till forſt with Famine, found her in that ſnare,
Which ſince to ſilence *Zanthus* takes his ſhare.

Fronti, nulla fides.

Doll in diſdaine, doth from her heeles defie,
The beſt that breathes ſhall tell her blacks her eye:
Aand that it's true ſhee ſpeaks, who can ſay nay?
When none that lookes on't, but will ſweare t'is gray.

Minus domi Hyſtriones.

Miſtreſſe *Fardella* feard ſhee ſhould conceiue,
Before the time in wedlocke ſtate could linck her:
Which would *Fardellas* fortunes quite bereaue,
Therefore reſolu'd, on ſudden doth bethinck her.
Gainſt when the Midwife might in child-bed lay her,
To ſhrowde a while, for ſhelter with a Player.

Nondum Dæmone dignus.

Tagus was told had got the Diuell and all,
In that his ſubſtance did ſo much excell:
It may (qd. *Tagus*) proue in time I ſhall,
Get what's ſufficient, though not thriue ſo well.

Non semper insipiens.

KEster can court his Mistresse, would you knew it,
Weare hansom cloaths, pledge healths, or breake a
Drink drunke with any man, & neuer spue it, (iest;
Or take *Tobacco* with the prowdst and best.
Had they but kept him one yeare more at's Grammer,
You should haue found him then no *Ninihammer*.

Laudes cùm labe.

CAius commends his Sister many wayes,
To be the myrror of admired praise:
Were not for two foule reasons that ensue,
Shee's somtimes drunck, and playes the double(w.)

Fas per insipientem.

WHo dares say *Doltus* speaketh barbarisme,
That schollerlike can make a *Syllogisme*?
Can cap a *Verse* which may deserue commend,
And hath his *Grammer rules* at's fingers ende.
Can write a Pistell to his *Dad* in *Latin*,
And one day hopes to weare a sute of Sattin.
Yea, make his mother blest that ere shee bore him,
For of his age, fewe yet haue gone before him:
I meane for Tallnes of his lymbs and bone,
At grasse time next, full grown to twenty one.

Experientia nimis.

WAt will no more in Wedlocke bands be tyde,
That thereof hath too much experience tryde:
And durst a Noble to a nutshell wage,
The next Wife makes him fall in surplusage.

Ne-

Non omnia possumus omnes.

THough *Petrus* nere could *Epigrams* compose,
Nor is your perfect *Poëts* Imitator:
Yet well the world may see he writes in *Prose*;
Ergò no Cobler, but a true *Translator*.

Nequicquam Veneri verba.

WIll wooes his wench with wordes of *Eloquence*,
Praying he might her corps enthalamize:
And of his loue impart that influence,
Which with her liking best may simpathize.
She, who regardlesse at his speech doth spurne,
Saith; T'is not words of Art must serue her turne.

Optimus in pessimis.

VAlesco mounts vpon the wings of Fame,
For an admyr'd report and matchles name:
That Courting can convince your coyest Punck,
And drinck e're midnight healths yet not be drunck.

Diaboli panitentes.

COme; What shall's doe (qd. *Ned*) this afternoone?
That hath at *Noddy* neither lost nor wonne:
Theres not a Play (saith hee) worth looking on,
And *Mistris Moll* from *Clarkenwell* is gone.
Troth let's doo once what no man would coniecture,
Turne honest for an houre, and heare a Lecture.

Vltra posse negatur.

Histrix hath felt himselfe long ill at ease,
But thereof durst not to the world complaine;
Hoping the times would all things well appease,
And eke restore his former health againe;
But t'would not doe: so that perforce aduized,
Histrix (God help him) must be circumcised.

Infirmis experientia.

OLd *Cresus* stands vpon his tackling stout,
He can as well as ere hee cold hould out:
To whome his wife sayes, men may laugh that win,
Pray tell me Syr, *Can you as well hold in?*

Vilsora Vtilsora.

Podrus but practiz'd when he first was young,
To write and reade, and cast vp some Accounts:
Nor cares a louse (saith he) for th' *Latine* tongne,
Which would not gaine him halfe that now amounts.
For if (qd. *Podrus*) *Shoo-makers* excell,
Why may not then our Coblers doe as well.

Qui Latrans, modo mordens.

Blandus I heare will proue a *Byter* knowne,
That gently vs'd of late to fawne and cogge:
If *Blandus* then, be such a byter growne,
What kinne is *Blandus* to *my Mastyf-dogge?*

Viuit vt edat.

WHen *Gluto* goes to dine at th'Ordinarie,
To ſtay his ſtomacke eates a cruſt and drinks:
Then call's for victuals, ſweares he cannot tary,
Which till it comes, a month each minute thinks:
Then ſits him downe, and takes the higheſt place,
Puts ſalt on's Trencher, cuts a loafe in twayne,
And nere remembers ought of ſaying Grace,
The ſight of meate ſo captiuates his brayne:
Whereto he lurching, ſo about him layes,
As muſt ſuffice him for at leaſt two dayes.

Stimulat, ignota Cupdo.

SVſan, for ſpight ſhe could not be eſpouz'd
Before her Siſter, who is three yeeres younger,
Reſolu'd her ſelfe at laſt, from dulneſſe rouz'd,
To tell her Mother ſhe could ſtay no longer;
Nor all this while her time had ſo miſpent,
But that ſhe knew no ſooner what it meant.

Opinio maior Veritate.

IEnkin that iealous liu'd without deſerts,
Was told by one his Wife had worthy parts:
At which he ten times more outragious ſwore,
How ſhould her parts be knowne, ſhe not a ( )

Aperit ſua crimina ſomnis.

IVdith is growne (God bleſſe her) ſuch a Bride,
For face and feature, and in truth excells:
Worthy to ſolace by the beſt mans ſide,
Throughout that Streete and Pariſh where ſhe dwells:
Wer't not for one defect, confounds all this,
She vſeth nightly in her bed to ——.

In Rosa Spina.

YOung Mistrisse *Ioice* is, without iesting, fayre;
How can she choose, hauing a flexen hayre?
A necke so white, and a more pleasing eye
Then any Wench you *lightly* can espie.

Vide, tace.

Erunus hath seene his Ladies secrecies,
Which for his eares he durst not patronize,
Much lesse presume to make least enterprize,
Onely to whistle may the tune suffice.

Non suo se pendebit Capistro.

Aulus no Purse about him loues to cary,
Least to himselfe he should prooue accessarie,
For much spent charges, which were meerely lost,
Knowing he shall be drunke at others cost.

Suam nouit Infirmitatem.

Iosephus crau'd he might haue conference
With *Parnell* in her chamber all alone;
But *Parnell* pray'd she might therein dispence,
For in her chamber must she talke with none:
Partly through feare she should be won with pelfe,
But most because she durst not trust her selfe.

Hoc

Hoc proprium nobis.

FRancis hath got a vaine and fooliſh vſe,
Practiz'd ſo long, as now he cannot leaue it;
Which grew at firſt by being too profuſe
In his expences, (ſo you muſt conceiue it:)
For well the reckning may you pay without him,
So ſeldome beares he purſe or coyne about him.

Huic habeo non tibi.

FYe on thee *Mulo*, how the poore abhorre thee,
That ſtill wilt anſwer them, *I haue not for thee:*
When all thy kindred knowes, who thee condemne,
Thou haſt it for thy Drabs, but not for them.

Idem per huiuſmodi.

A Nice young Dame that long'd for dainty Cates,
With her that ſold them thus expoſtulates:
My Noſe (I hope) ſhall be my Cooke (quoth ſhe)
Mine Arſe (quoth th'other) may your Kitchin be.

Aut caſte, aut caute.

RAchell hath reaſon not to liue in Common,
Thereby to ſhew her ſelfe a noted ſinner:
But rather like a cloſe and ciuill woman,
That to the Game ſeemes ſtill a young beginner:
And not detected of her whoriſh life,
May proue in time ſome honeſt Tradeſmans wife.

Oſcula

Oscula qui sumpsit, &c.

Iacke still abiures it to his commendation,
Hee's yet a maide without equiuocation;
That being woo'd by Wenches would resist them,
And neuer dealt with any but he kist them.

Tlus scelera nocte.

Sil. for his Wiues sake much Tobacco sells,
That must assist him daily in his shop:
And occupie her selfe in nothing else,
But Pipes for Gentlemen to fill and stop:
Which she neglects not whiles the day giues light,
And burnes them as occasion serues at night.

Viuens, mortuus.

Monsieir Seuerus since his Office lost,
Wherein he liu'd of late a great Commander,
Walks discontented like the angry Ghost
Of proud *Tarquinius*, or *Pope Alexander*:
Whom fates enuying, should from vpstart rise,
So puld him downe, as now he liuing dies.

Et penna & poculo.

Columbus executes his Masters place, (space:
Where he hath plodding beene twice ten yeeres
But simple howsoe'r the world may thinke him,
Ther's not a Clarke mongst twenty dares out drink him.

Patientia Vendicta.

CVcullus euermore will carrie ſway
Ouer his wife in ſtrangers company:
And on her lips his loathed fingers lay,
Which patient ſhe puts vp in policy:
But with her ſelfe reſolu'd in ſecret vowes,
To pay him next day ſoundly on the browes.

Fœnum, dum cœlum cerenum.

TRocus in Tauernes twice a day muſt bowze it,
And belch Tobacco on his Clients purſes:
No matter *Trocus*, 'tis thy place allowes it,
Though like the Foxe 'canſt not eſcape from curſes.
Who euer ſaw that Clarke like thee deputed,
But had his fingers with purloyne polluted?

Pulchrior infelicior.

FIne Miſtriſſe *Fedra* famouſly accounted,
Minding for recreation take the ayre,
went in her Coach through *London* brauely mounted,
(For what ſhould *Fedra* of the Fates deſpayre?)
Strange and admirde, which might amaze the hearer,
That her owne horſes muſt to Bridewell beare her.

Secundæ cogitationes meliores.

A Pamphlet was of Prouerbs pend by *Polton*,
Wherein he thought all ſorts included were:
Vntill one told him, *Bate w'an ace quoth Bolton*:
Indeed (ſaid hee) that Prouerbe is not there.

Vinasius, notus.

OLde *Publius Naso* hath compoz'd a Play,
Of such a plot, as few or none that view it
But will auouch he writes not euery day,
Nor as the times of late (I would you knew it)
The best in London payes for his inuention,
Knowne to be simply such as needes no mention.

Ad Lectorem.

READer, these Epigrams long since compos'd,
Should nere by my consent haue beene disclos'd:
Much lesse at latter Lammas com'd in print,
Had not the *Stationer* or the Diuell beene in't.

Granida formidiores.

DArkas cannot endure to see a Cat,
A brest of Mutton, or a Pigs head gaping:
A Beare, a Bull, a Weazle, or a Rat,
No, nor the skreeking noyse of Kettles scraping:
Yet could imbrace a naked *Cariball*,
And nere be mou'd or frighted once withall.

Confesse, and be hang'd.

TOm stretcht his necke for stealing of a Mare,
And yet Ile proue he was not hang'd for stealing:
For had he not beene taken vnaware,
And so conuicted by his owne reuealing,
He might haue scapt the Gallowes, gone his way,
And still remain'd a Thiefe vntill this day.

Fama

Fama Alimentum.

DAcus could giue good words, what ere was due,
Whereby his credit leſſe in queſtion grew,
Till baſe-borne Tapſters, without feare or grace,
Muſt call him Banckrout 'fore his neighbours face.

Omnia venalia Roma.

CAcus at firſt durſt ſcarce kiſſe Miſtriſſe Anne,
But could at laſt to giue conſent aſſaile her:
Who more reſpecting's money then the man,
Ask't (hauing pur'ſt it) *Are you not a Taylor?*
How? 'ſfoot (quoth *Cacus*) then for coyne I ſee,
Taylors with Gentlemen muſt equall bee.

Aliqui fructus maturiores.

FRera, the forward'ſt of ten thouſand Gyrles,
Wiſh't ſhe had beene at foureteene made a Page:
To haue attended vpon Lords and Earles,
That vnder Knights had ſeru'd at younger age.

Edificium latrocinium.

ATennant by his Leaſe being bound to build,
Of Timber-loggs his Land-lord had beguil'd,
Which he perceiuing, 'gins with threats diſcuſſe,
The danger of the Law that vs'd him thus.
Alas (quoth he) 'twas done for my reliefe,
Beſides, you know Sir, *Building is a thiefe.*

Nocte latent menda.

MIstriſſe *Roxana* by no meanes endures
The Curtaines of her Bed or Window drawne;
Which to her eyes (ſaith ſhe) much hurt procures,
And therefore hides them with a vayle of Lawne.
But if you needes will haue the truth reueal'd,
Her Noſe that's ſunke of late muſt be conceal'd.

Stante te ſtabit vxor.

L*Ippus* the Banckrout hath a bounſing Wife,
That would be chaſte, were he but halfe ſo wiſe:
And yet the Buzzard, for auoyding ſtrife,
Liues in a Lane obſcur'd from watchfull eyes.
Tut, *Lippus*, be content, and beare withall,
For if thou canſt not ſtand, ſhe needes muſt fall.

Lenia perdit quò lucret maiora.

A Wager on a Knight of late was tride,
He ſh'ould not beare ten pounds from out Cheape-ſide,
Vnleſſe ſome Citizen holpe with his hands,
To whom already he was bound in bands.
Which well the Knight perceiu'd, elſe nere had done it,
So that he loſt his wager, and yet won it.

Puduit ſua damna referre.

SVch ill ſucceſſe had *Dick* at Dice laſt night,
As he was forſt next day play leaſt in ſight:
But if you loue him make thereof no ſpeeches,
He loſt his Rapier, Cloake, and veluet Breeches.

Strenuè

Strenuis, videri satis.

WHen boasting *Bembus* challeng'd is to fight,
He seemes at first a very Diuell in sight:
Till more aduizde, will not defile hands,
Vnlesse you meete him vpon *Callice* sands.

Chara nimis amicitia.

Illo thinks much I should his loue inherit,
Saying, it's more then my deserts can merit:
Indeed hee speaks *Probatum est* vnto me,
For t'is so great as t'would in time vndo me.

In lingua, Patriâ.

Petrus espying late a youth passe by,
Richly appareld, whom he knew but poore:
Began to censure with him doubtfully,
Whether it were the same he saw before.
Till hearing him, in's language lay the law,
Was sure t'was then the self-same *Cornish*-daw.

Sæpius solnas si saltabis.

Planus his money payd would faine be quiet,
That pensiue erst grew then more vext with woe:
As scarce it could permit him time to diet,
For posting bout each office too and fro.
Who for'st to daunce attendance durst not rest,
Vntill the PIPE hath plaide *Quietus est.*

Creſcit furore Impudentia.

TOruus will yet againe exceptions take, Rimes:
And ſweares that by's drink heel not endure theſe
Fye *Toruus*, let not men for manners ſake,
Be made acquainted with thy ſhamefull crimes.
But thowlt alledge the Baſtard is not thine,
I ſhould not keep't then, if the caſe were mine.

Viſu, ſi non Auditu.

PRudence, reproou'd for walking in *Moorefields*,
Straight from her Apronſtrings this reaſon yeelds:
Though Women more then Men are thence debard,
T'is reaſon ſome be ſeene, becauſe not heard.

Fumus inimica Formæ.

MAdam *Ventoſa* carefull of her health,
In haſte poſt haſte the Countrey ayre deſires:
Swearing ſheel not endure for *Londons* wealth,
Another winter of theſe Sea-cole Fires.
Whoſe noyſome fume worſt then the foulſt infection,
Had almoſt ſpoyld her Ladyſhips complexion.

Clericus natura.

OLde *Triſtram* thought it well and wiſely done,
With an *Exchequer* man to place his Sonne:
But *Triſtram* had therein of wit no ſparke,
To ſpoyle ſo good a Clowne for ſuch a Clarke.

Mul-

Multorum Pignora pondus.

PIgnus the *Broker* pil'de vp hath his Hall,
With pawnes of persons *Alphabeticall:*
Kept as his prisoners, & his owne doth deeme them,
Till *Bankrontes, Beggars, Bawdes,* and *Drabbes* redeeme (them.

Arbora per Fructus.

FIne Mistresse *Phippes,* a proper Friend of mine,
Wore on her brest a paper *Valentine:*
Who by a Mad cap one day being met,
Askt her, *Faire Lady, Is this House to Let?*

Magnis mirabile.

S*Altus* so many sorts of Sutes would weare,
As once a weeke, he must be new inuested:
Which made him proudly to the world appeare,
(For nere was *Saltus* vntill now Arrested.)
Strange on a sudden that a man of might,
Should breechlesse liue, obscur'd from out of sight.

Alienis Fortunatus.

P*Rodus* the Scriuener many a pound hath spent,
Vpon procurements by him caus'd been lent:
But with *Prouiso,* will hee first indent,
You must *in Præsto,* giue him good content,

Pe-

Potens in poculis.

GEorge will auouch it vpon deepe foundation,
That drinking ſtore of wine hath made him wiſer,
And more expert in matters variation,
As hee's become a kinde of wits deuiſer;
How he may cheating gull his Friends with Oathes,
And fetch his *Taylor* off for more new cloathes.

Nimis docuit Conſuetudo.

OLde *Fucos* Board is oft repleniſhed,
But nought thereof muſt be diminiſhed:
Vnles ſome worthles vpper diſher twaine,
The reſt for ſeruice ſtill againe remaine.
His man that vs'de to bring them in for ſhow,
Leauing a diſh vpon the bench below:
Was by his Maiſter (much offended) blam'de,
Which he as briefe with anſwer bluntly fram'de;
'Tath bene zo often broſt avore this day,
As now chad thoſt it zelfe had knowne the way.

Par pari refert.

TObie with's wife, at Ticktack often playes,
Who much ore-ſeeing, takes her many wayes:
And yet hee proues the greater ouerſeer,
Shee could, but will not aske him, *Why not heere?*

Rogandum consilio.

FEſſus deſires all ſutes of Law might ceaſe,
For being Outlaw'd, faine would liue in peace.

Set

Sero Pœnitentia sero.

ASeriant that fell sicke tooke late remorce,
On many Prisoners hee had plagu'd by force:
And now would free them from the *Counter*-hole,
But that *Too late*; thinks t'will not helpe his soule.

Non Morbus, sed Dolor.

ADoctor tolde his Patient *Omphida*,
The paine shee felt was a *Scyatica*:
Which she not perfect how to nominat,
Mistaking; Cryes: *Oh my Certificat!*

Nullum simulum Ignauis.

CÆcus awak't, was tolde the Sunne appeard,
Which had the darknes of the morning cleard:
But *Cæcus* sluggish thereto makes replie,
The Sunne hath further farre to goe then I.

Ad Momum.

CEase prethee *Momus*, bite thy malice in,
Tut man, I knowe thou hast a diuelliish wit:
Able to poze the wisest of thy kin,
But *Momus* then thou should'st not boast of it.
Or say, thou worke the worst thou canst intend,
That done, goe hang thy selfe, and ther's an end.

Humilis Sublimis.

Kate, ſeeming curious in her conuerſation,
Scorns you ſhould kiſſe her hand or tye her ſhoo:
Which ſhee accounts as great an imputation,
As any worſt of wrong you elſe can doo.
So high ſhee vaunts her ſelfe aboue the Skyes,
And yet full lowly on a Straw-bed lyes.

Seruus dominatur Domino.

Vſan hath ſeru'd this yeare and halfe for nought,
Making ſtill good, things broken, ſtolne, or loſt:
Which with her wages muſt anew be bought,
That doe amount vnto no little coſt.
But *Suſan* now hath found a meanes for all,
What time her Miſtreſſe goes abroad (*olde Trot*)
To yeeld herſelfe vnto her Maſters call,
And make him Father what another got,
Who rather choſe, then Law the *Caſe* ſhould handle,
To pay a hundrd pounds for ſope and candle.

Tandem aperta Recluſa.

Beatrice debard from ſport, with one that lou'd her,
Was kept ſeuerely vnder bolt and locke:
Who notwithſtanding when occaſion mou'd her,
Crept forth at th' window, nightly in her ſmocke.
But from her Father ſortie weekes conceald it,
Vntill the *Baſtard* cride, and ſo reueald it.

Sua

Suaviora Digniora.

YOung Miſtreſſe *Minca* findes her ſelfe agrieued,
In that her Husband keepes her not in faſhion:
And therefore will by others be relieued,
Who on ſuch creatures take farre more compaſſion.
No fleſh ſhee feares to feede on out of ſight,
Knowing her good-man picks the bones at night.

Venditur vt Emitur.

D*Arcas* will doo with Knight or Gentleman (not:
What ſhall be reaſon, more then which ſhee dares
And that's as much as any woman can,
Vnles be ſuch as for her credit cares not.
Then if theſe pleaſures without feare enſue,
What thereto longs (qd. *Darcas*) pray iudge you?

Meritrix abſente Marito.

S*Vſan* with ſundry cunning ſlights and trickes,
Gulls her Good-man that dominering ſwaies:
Nor will her eyes other obiects fixe,
Whiles in her companie the *Cockscomb* ſtaies.
Who gone, ſhee cannot for her life refraine,
But needs muſt laugh, till downe ſhee falls againe.

Nocte latent mendæ.

WHen bounſing *Bettrice* minded is to ſport,
She cloſely ſteales out of her dores at night:
And couets moſt mongſt ſtrangers to reſort,
That leaſt may be diſcernd by Candle-light.
For chiefe reſpects which might her much diſgrace,
Beſides her *Perrimgge*, and pocky face.

Ad Iohannem Bradshaw, Seaccariensem.

NOt that to mee thou ere wert Friend or Foe,
Nor that I seeke heereby t'insinuate: (know,
Nor that thou wouldst the world thy worth shuld
Which Ile not blaze, nor yet expostulate.
Onely repute thee one amongst those Clarks,
Gainst whom my *Mastiue* neyther bytes nor barks.

In Obitum alicuius.

L*Ampus* extinct at last in *Ashes* lyes,
Who when hee liu'd did nought but Gormandize:
On choycest cheere, and Bolles fill'd to the brim,
Which fedde him fatte, for worms that feede on him.

Plus decus Honori.

P*Ierce* grown to yeares, maintain's a Page at's heeles
That must attend, and tell him what's a clocke:
When hee from *Trulls & Tauernes* homeward reeles,
And in short time consum'd and spent his stocke.
Yet biddes prouide gainst night some other toye,
Whiles belching hee repose his head that's giddie;
Then waking calls, *Fill some Tobacco Boye:*
That done, Goe see if Supper be made readie.
Which hee not hauing wherewith to discharge,
(Nor daring futther runne vpon the score:)
Intreats the *Vintner* with discourse at large,
Vpon his Cloake to lend him so much more.
Nor meanes hee thence till midnight part away,
And keepe his bedde vntill next Quarter day.

Effi-

Efficit prostrata, nummus.

WHē *Iaques* from th'Exchange goes home to sup,
And findes his Wife drunke on her pillow laid:
He patiently prepar'd to put it vp,
Encounters with blacke *Kate* his Kitchin maid:
Who tells him, shee'll no longer serue his turne,
Vnlesse his Master-ship more crownes disburse,
And therefore bids him make her not forsworne,
But presently dispatch and draw his purse:
Which done, she flatly to her businesse falles,
And nere ariseth till her Mistrisse calles.

Subita, magis quærenda.

MAt. with his Man late set on meriment,
And therewith trying by some tricke to flout him:
Spying his Dogge that to sir-reuerence went,
Ask't if he had not Pen and Inke about him.
Yes, said his man (and wherefore makes he doubt?)
To write (quoth's Master) *what my Dogge layes out.*

Pecunia, virum.

A *Vsurer* waxt worth ten thousand pound,
Which with extortion he had gayn'd of late:
For purchase should of certaine Lands be bound
Vnto a Knight that knew not his estate:
But to a Scriuener dwelling neere him goes,
And for aduise therein his counsell takes,
Knowing he could the truth thereof disclose:
Who whispring in his eare, this answere makes,
You neede not Sir, the matter further scan,
For Ile assure you hee's a right good man.

Plus mendax, Mendicus.

Dacus giues out for payment of his debts,
He ſhall a wondrous wealthy Widdow wed:
Which 'mongſt his Creditors much hope begets,
That conſtant are 'twill be accompliſhed.
Meane while young *Dacus* takes vp ten times more,
Tells them the mariage day is ſhort at hand,
When hee'll no leſſe then double all reſtore,
Which neede no queſtion now of Bill or Band.
But *Dacus* makes it a more gulling toy,
Then that old Coſenage of new Englands-ioy.

Detur laus digniori.

MIſtriſſe *Marina* 'mongſt ſome Goſſips ſat,
Where Faces were the ſubiect of their chat:
Some lok't too pale, ſome ſeem'd too firie red,
Some browne, ſome blacke, and ſome ill faſhioned.
Good Lord (quoth ſhe) you all are much too blame,
Let's loue and prayſe the Maker of the ſame.
Her Chamber-mayd who heard her, ſtanding by,
Said, *Then loue me, for that you know was I.*

Nil perdunt mendici.

Iacke's wondrous ſicke, who thinks hee ſhall gee mad,
And loſe his wits (a thing *Iacke* neuer had:)
Take comfort man, if that be all thou feareſt,
A groat will pay thy loſſe when witts are deareſt.

Formoſa

Formoſa fœtida.

I Met with *Martha*, and fayn'd would haue kiſt her,
who turn'd her cheeke, which made me that I miſt her:
She ſpar'd her lipps, becauſe her breath was tainted,
And I her cheekes, becauſe I fain'd them painted.
Since then at firſt, we had no better greeting,
Your hand (quoth I) ſhall ſerue at our next meeting.

Materia pro forma.

L*Ucina* hath a Loue whoſe name is *Gooſt*,
A propper Lad, well borne, and wondrous ſpruce:
She likes the man, but cannot brooke his name,
If that be all (ſweete *Luce*) you are too blame.
The man you may commit into your hands,
For why, the Babes he gets may prooue all Swans.

Sero, ſi non ſubito.

L*Orellus* by the Law condemn'd to dye,
Sent his ſicke water to a Doctor nigh:
And proffer'd him an hundred pound for's paine,
If by his Art hee might but's life obtaine.
The Doctor vnderſtanding of his crime,
Wil'd him with patience to endure a time;
And ſend againe when th'Moone was in the change,
Meane while *Lorellus* muſt to Tiburne range.

Tria,

Tria, verùs in vnum.

Feſtinus now in haſt reſolues to thriue,
Ere Chriſtmas next, and honeſtly will wiue:
Sweares by his locks hee'll ramble then no more,
But keepe him cloſe to's wife, and's friend, not's whore.
Inſooth *Feſtinus*, 'twere diſcreetly done,
For hauing charge, to haue all three in one.

Secreta ſua ſibi.

Lettice hath left the towne: but who knowes why?
Some ſay to take the ayre, and ſee a friend:
I heard as much; but knew it was a lye,
Her buſineſſe tended to another end.
No Doctor heere can cure her, ſhee's ſo ill,
Old Mother-Midwife hath therein more skill.

Plumæ, quid leuius?

WHat if *Ponderus* Wife be light? how then?
Muſt ſhe be taunted at by euery Iade?
This is the fault of fooliſh vaine women,
That will be diuing in their neighbours trade.
Pon: is a Feather-maker, and by right
His Wife, like to her Wares may prooue as light.

Ad

Ad Samuelem.

MY ſute's to you (*Sam*) 'pray deny it not:
If you remember't, you a Bracelet got
From your ſweete Miſtriſſe; 'faith reſtor't againe,
Twill doe her pleaſure now: for to be plaine,
She hath ſo great a loſſe had in that kinde,
As in the world ſhe knowes not where to finde
One ſilly hayre of her owne ſimple breede;
Then helpe her now, that holpe you at your neede.

A malo ad peius.

PRiſcus though nere ſo poore, yet herein ioyes,
He once was Captaine of the Roaring-boyes:
And worthy then durſt challenge as his due,
The chiefeſt place amongſt thoſe damned crew;
That with vnbutning could carouſe a quart,
Drinke drunke, and ſober, ſixe times ere he part:
Knocke at each Gate at midnight on command,
And make the Porter ſtand with cap in hand,
Suppoſing him a man of that regard,
As ſcornes to paſſe not giuing good reward.
When he (poore Raſcall) but a rambling goes,
And now in Limbo lowzy lies, God knowes.

Dubitat mens conſcia recti.

WHy ſhould Sir *Pandrus* ſo impatient be,
As needes hee'll call in queſtion who I am:
That durſt preſume on ſuch a one as he,
To write a Satyre or an Epigram.
Let me Sir *Pandrus*, tell you this for true,
I am not ſuch a ſlandrous knaue as you
imagin.

Nemo odit quod nescit.

YOung *Fawnus* spends thrice fortie pounds a yeare,
True Demonstration that hee'l nere be thriftie:
But what need *Fawnus* Fates or Fortunes feare,
Thats yet not fourteene, and his *Dad* past fiftie.
Who simply pard'ning any worst of merit,
Will nere his first borne *Bastard* disinherit.

Sine Flamma combustus.

Marcus came vp to see the *Monuments*,
The *Tower*, the *Lyons*, and the new *Exchange*:
The *Water-works*, and lofty *London*-Rents,
With other sights, that seem'd to *Marcus* strange.
But mongst the rest that likewise did abouud,
Nere thought on *Fyre-works*, which he first here found

Vritur Importunitate.

A Lustie Lasse, but loose, not worth the naming,
went down the staires wheron she feard to stumble
And holding in her hand a Candle flaming,
Was by a iolly Lad intic'de to iumble.
Who when at first he gan her roughly handle,
Away shee cride: Now fie how you abuse mee:
And therewith vowing, swore: Now by this Candle,
Ile burne you Sir (if thus you striue to vse mee.
Hee blew the Candle out, to breake her vow,
But shee performd her Oath; imagine how.

Cha-

Facilis Generoſus.

WHo ſayes *Humfridus* is not gentle borne?
Did not *Criſpinus* beat him th'other morne?
And hee it gently tooke, without reſiſting?
Then let him paſſe, and leaue your further ieſting.
Hee that for blowes hath halfe ſo good diſgeſtion,
Muſt needes proue Gentleman without all queſtion.

Dulce Bellum inexpertis.

MOunſieur *Securus*, prowde as any hee,
Pray's ſtill for Warre and braue Hoſtilitie:
But hee's no better then a barking Dogge,
Or rather as a painted skipping Frogge,
That bragges it out with borrowed brauerie,
Warre is no colour for ſuch knauerie.
How can he thinke to hurt his Enemie,
When all his Weapons are at Surgerie?

In Amoroſum.

HAd I not vow'd almoſt to write no more,
Spruce (*Amoroſus*) I could not forbeare:
To tell the world how like a common-Whore,
Thou ſpend'ſt each morne in trimming of thy haire.
Which hauing done, and finiſht nere ſo ſoone,
Thou look'ſt no better then a wilde *Baboone*.

Per plumas Anser.

SEe how young *Rufus* walkes in greene each day,
As if he nere was youthfull vntill now:
Ere Christmas next this greene-Goose will be gray,
And those high burnisht Plumes in's Cap will bow.
But yet you wrong him, since his purse is full,
To call him Goose, that is so young a Gull.

Ad Momum.

Momus, you told me late I did not well,
Seeming as 'twere my little wit to sell: (gaine,
Why man, the Ægyptians sold their babes for
And may not I the Infant of my braine?
But well I wot thou'lt set it soone at naught,
And say the Childe is better fed then taught.
Peace *Momus*, peace, either thy good word lend it,
Or come and take my roome till thou canst mend it.

Et Puella, & Fœmina.

Lucina's yeeres runnes on so smooth and euen,
That at sixteene shee seemes but as eleuen:
Yet marke how strange the time had her beguilde,
Who prou'd a Mother being but a Childe.

Omnibus

Omnibus hoc Vitium.

AN honeſt Conſtable that made ſearch of late,
And found a fellow with a wench in Bed:
Wiſh't hee himſelfe had bene Aſſociate,
And therefore kindely bad them both God ſpeed.
Be ſure (qd. he) Ile not deſcrie your lurking,
Let *Nature* (that's ſo well prouok't) be working.

Prodit ſe lingua.

A Countrey Butcher late with Oxen paſſes,
Hard by a Dame that kept a ſhop of glaſſes:
Who liſping chides him with words finicall,
Thirra remoue your *Ballocks* from my Stall.
Whereat the *Butcher* ſmiling makes a ſtop,
But ſhe with anger, bluſhing leaues her ſhop.

Admonita peior.

PRiſcill doth plainely to the world appeale,
Since Women that deale plaine, are Baladiz'd:
Shee'l with her Husband no more plainely deale,
Or mongſt plaine dealing people be compriz'd.

Dum friget, calefcit.

WHo doubts but *Suſan* when ſhe firſt bore ſway,
Had for one night a *French Crowne* pitch & pay;
But who ſo ſimple now, knowes not the reaſon
Shee tooke not Dyet, nor the Sweate in ſeaſon.

Asinus ex Asino.

Grillus outragious grewe with selfe conceit,
Dreaming of late hee was transformd an Asse:
And waking, needes would to the world repeat,
That it for certaine truth came so to passe.
Who thus besotted, forthwith gins to bray,
Attempteth eke like *Bankes his Horse* to daunce,
Runnes to the Stable there to feede on Hay,
Striues to Coruet, Cariere, Kick, Wince and prannce,
But since that *Grillus*, nothing so much feares,
As the appearance of his *Asses* eares.

Non dulce, quod vtile.

Turdosus trainde in the *Nocturnall* Trade,
Which wee by Title of *Gold-finder* call:
With oft infusion such escapes had made,
As causd his Maister (much displeasd withall)
Say thus in rage *Thou a Iakes-Farmer* proue?
A Cobler (knaue) would thee much more behoue.

To my Booke-seller.

THy Bookes (I doubt not) but will all be bought,
Though nere so bitter for the *Title* thought:
To putrifactious *Vlcers* that abide,
The strongest Medicines must bee applide.
Yet may be well inough indur'd: all which,
Are but as Worme-wood giuen to kill the itch.

Nu-

Nuda Veritas.

YOung Miſtreſſe *Siſley*, and her Siſter *Kate*,
Scornes to be thought with tricks t'equiuocate:
Therfore ſayes plaine, if twere not true they ſwore,
Let each be cenſurd for an arrant Whore.

Soluat vtcunq́, Senex.

OLd *Squinto* deales with's Wench not like a ſtranger
Though comes perhaps but once a Weeke, or ſo:
T'is knowne he keeps her ſtill at Rack and manger
Whether ſhee loue or loath him yea, or no.
He payes for all ſhe ſpends, and eates, or drinkes:
Allowes her Horſe and Coach to ryde at pleaſure,
Yea what ſhee beſt for recreation thinkes,
That bids her vſe, and chuſe againe at pleaſure.
Thus doth the Dotard dull and deteſtable,
Make others doe what hee himſelfe's not able.

Sperare liceat Infidelibus.

THat *Luſcus* hath no *Lattin* t'is no Lye,
Nor that hee writeth falſe *Ortographye*,
Yet paſſeth for a *Checquer Clearke* we ſee,
And hopes this Tearme to purchaſe many a Fee.
Nay more he hopes to proue an Officer,
If caſe (quoth hee) our *Vicar* doth not erre:
Who well remembers in his *Prouerbs* ſaith,
The weake in Knowledge, may be ſtrong in Faith.

Ca-

Casta, quam nemo rogauit.

WHy tempt you me (qd. *Win*) with words vnchaſt?
Or doe you loue to ſpend your breath in waſt?
I am not Syr, the Wench you take me for,
But ſcorne the motion, and your words abhorre.
T'is knowne how well I liue without diſgrace,
And therefore choſen haue this priuate place.
Where, ſince the time we may not long inherit,
Your Welcome muſt be therefore as you merit.
Alas (good Syr) you are to mee a ſtranger,
But that's all one, when you are free from daunger
I am perſwaded (though your yeares be young)
You haue a ſubtil and inticing toung,
Able to tempt a Woman goe aſtray,
Should ſhee not haue the grace to ſay you nay.
Fye, who would truſt theſe men vpon their words?
The world mongſt twenty ſcarce one true affoords.
But to giue each his due, I muſt confeſſe,
You nere as yet haue wrongd me more or leſſe.
Nay, pray forbeare, my Maide heares all your wooings,
Shee knowes I am not vſde vnto ſuch dooings.
You talke of matters worth as much as nought,
But not a word what Money you haue brought.
Nor euer dreame you at what charge wee liue,
That for our Lodgings thus much weekly giue.
Which ſuch as you (alas) nere thinke vpon,
That once haue had your pleaſures, and are gone.
What, will you Syr diſpatch and make an ende?
Come: you ſhall ſee Ile vſe you as a Frende,
And as befits a man of your eſtate,
Nor loue I many words expoſtulate.
Belieue Syr, as you are a Gentleman,
I tooke no handſell ſince the Terme began.

Then

Then in a manner thinke your ſelfe ſo ſpedde,
As purchaſe may my ſecond Maydenhed.
Which though I ſay't, and doe not vſe to flout,
Good Knights haue ſude for oft, and gone without:
Whats there? Two ſhillings ſix pence? mary muffe:
You thinke belike wee are ſome common ſtuffe:
Yes, in good time, t'were more then fitte I graunt yee,
You need but aſke and haue, yes Syr *I waunt yee.*
I thought as much how franck you were before,
Dee vſe to giue your *Hackney*-lades no more?
Twer good you kept it ſtill Syr and were going,
Aſſure your ſelfe I am not for your mowing,
Nor any mans that me ſo baſely ſcan,
My Maide gets ſo much of each Seruing-man.
Make you no difference pray twixt her and mee?
Or muſt wee both alike reputed bee;
Well Sir is that the mayne you will disburſe?
Or haue you no more Money in your purſe?
The time I ſpend about this idle chat,
May looſe and hinder mee I know not what.
Piſh; yet more dooing? pray Syr hold your hand,
And ieſt with thoſe you boldly may command.
Had I not thought you one of better proofe,
You nere ſhould entred haue within my roofe.
A man of your ſort, ſparing his expence?
I pray Syr hold me not I muſt goe hence.
But ere I part, knowe without more relate,
A French Crowne is my leaſt and loweſt rate.
Which if you haue not, you may leaue ſome pawne,
Nor will I to a dodkin leſſe be drawne.
But ſcorne for thrice as much I tell you true,
Thus proſtitute my ſelfe, wert not to you.
Tut, nere tell me youl come againe and pay,
I haue too oft bene vs'de with ſuch delay.

Nor talke of Oaths as promiſe once gone hence,
Wee loue the Preſent, not the Future Tence.
You know my minde: the'res now no more to ſay;
Doe this, or here's the Dore, and ther's the way.
——*Cetera deſiciunt.*

Mens conſcia recti.

Ralph told his Miſtreſſe hee had done with her,
Which ſhe conceiu'd at worſt and calld him knaue
Threatning to bring him 'fore an Officer
Where ſhee th'advantage of the Law might haue.
Indeed (qd. *Ralph*) I nere preſumd ſo on you,
Till now you pleaſd' to take the *Whore* vpon you.

Hypocrita videatur.

Pullus ſuppoſeth none obſerues his haunts,
Of ſtealing ſecretly vnto mine *Aunts*,
Without his *Page*; Oh Syr it might be ſaid,
He elſe were ſeene to kiſſe the *Kitchin-Mayde*.
Or ſuffer *Siſſe* or *Suſan* ſearch his Hoſe,
Which to the world his *Page* might chance diſcloſe.
Tut *Pullus* can ſuch after-claps remoue,
Et ſi non caſtè, tamen cautè proue.
For nere of him was yet more ſeene or hard,
Then of blinde *George*, or *Iohn* of *Pauls-Church-yarde*.

Melius ſit per Deputatum.

A Clyent that to *London* came for Law,
In right of Land which ſome had ſought withdraw.
Finding his *Aduocate* gone forth a mile,
Propounds the *Caſe* vnto his wife the while.
Who ſoone deciding it without expence,
Tolde him the fault was in his Euidence.

Ca

Cedendum neceſſitati.

FRanciſcus ſweares hee'l be no more forſworne,
No more will Swagger, Surfet, or be drunck:
No more his locks will weare at length but ſhorne,
No more converſe or ſollace with his Punck.
No more chaſt Widdowes, Maides, or Wiues abuſe,
No more leawd Songs, or bawdy termes repeat:
No more *Tobacco* midſt of Dinners vſe;
No more detract, lye, flatter, cogge, or cheat.
For true it is, *Time* now hath better taught him,
Since late that ſcuruy *Woodſtreet-Counter* caught him.

Neſcit Stultus iraſci.

CO*drus* a Countrey Clowne, well worth the naming
Fell amongſt Gameſters late to learne their vice:
That (ſoone intreated,) drawne was into Gaming,
And gulld of all his Golde, with cheating Dice;
Which *Codrus* ſeeing, halfe in anger ſwore,
They nere from him ſhould gaine one penny more.

Viuitur ex Fumo.

FV*ſcus* growes fat, yet feedes on nought at all,
How liues hee then to any Creatures thincking?
Oh Syr, by precepts Metaphyſicall,
For know that *Fuſcus* deales in nought but drinking,
No foode at all his Fancie can prouoke,
But wholeſome liquor, and a Pipe of Smoke.

Ad Conscium. *Epilogus.*

NOw what sayes *Conscius* to these scruuy Rymes,
Are they not baseſt moſt absurd abuses?
Hadſt not bene better by a thousand times,
T'haue spent thy sixe-pence vpon other vses?
Come, th'art an *Asse*, nor canst by Approbation,
Say yet precisely where the Saddle wrings:
Onely doest feele by natures inclination,
The more a Horse is galld, the more hee flings.
Harke in thine Eare, if this thou thinkst disgrace,
Next time Ile ride thee through the Market-place.

XUM

SATYRS.

Magnis, peccata minus.

YEe nimble *Satyrs*, that with howling straine,
Belch out the poysoned' Canker yee containe
Of Earths pollution, and the worlds offence,
Maskt and obscur'd with secret vile pretence;
You that delight to torture men aliue,
And through the channels of destruction diue;
Avaunt, dispatch, and looke yee not protract,
To bring to light, each hainous horrid act.
What? Stand yee fearfull of mens outward features?
Or dread ye shadowes but of painted Creatures
Whose seeming outsides onely made for showe
Assume the substance which themselues not know;
Or is't because you scorne to dignifie
The leawde ambition of prowd bastardie;
Where can yee finde within Earths continent,
Men of that rare refined Element
Who fearing to be damnd or checkt for blame,
Are more lesse subiect vnto sinne then shame;
But so delight in lewdnes to excell,
As they prooue Diuells before they come to Hell;
Drunck with the dregges of sinnne insatiate,
Appearing Monsters most adulterate.
Careless of Blisse, of Conscience, or of Soule,
Till glut of guiltines their deedes controule:
And they with Vleers so infected are,
As euery limme is blemisht with a skarre
Of shameless, leawde, and loath'd iniquitie,
Sprung from the loynes of lust and infamie.

Nurſt with the milke of that infectious euill,
Which thus hath made them Chiildren for the Diuell.
And now ſwolln bigge with bluſhleſſe Impudence,
Preſume their greatnes may with *Ioue* diſpence.
preſcribing to themſelues thoſe rules of reaſons,
As muſt accord with their owne times and ſeaſons.
What's hee that's drunck, or ſurſets (hauing wealth)
But will alledge t'is Phyſicke for his health.
That *Venus* ſports and Carnall appetite
Are for euacuation requiſite.
That murder rape and inceſt (threatning ruth)
Are all but held as idle toyes of Youth.
Miſchiefes that pleaſures bring who would preuent,
Ther's tyme (ſay they) hereafter to repent.
Or that their beſt of deedes are done too late,
If to be damnd it be predeſtinate. (barke,
Some Woolues in Sheep-Skinnes wrapt gainſt ſuch men
And care not what themſelues doe in the darke.
Yet chiefly are ordaind to rule the rout,
Becauſe their Office herein beares them out.
Who knowes not Greatnes may diſpence with Lawes,
Thers no reſiſtance in a rich mans cauſe.
For thoſe bewitching Obiects, Golde and pleaſure,
Are *Plutoes* Agents that augments his treaſure.
And do perſwade vs, there's no Hell but feare,
No life, nor ioy, nor paine, but this life here.
The weake ones wanting grace ſtreight follow this,
Credulitie in ill, robbs man of bliſſe.
Man wrongs his *Maker* by his want of merit,
Sinne giues a ſharpe edge to a *Satyrs* ſpirit.
Pyde *Vanitie*, th'inticing bayte for Fooles,
Muffles our *Knowledge*, to intrappe our Soules.
The world growne Aged, ſhould prepare to end,
But Nature ſo gainſt reaſon doth contend.

As

As Light of Knowledge is put out by time,
And to be vertuous now is held a crime.
For those seuen Sciences their grounds of Arts,
Haue euermore possest their sacred parts.
Which seuen wide steppes vnto Damnation,
Deciph'red are in order one by one.
First, Selfe-lou'd *Pride*, the Idoll of the Court,
Is *Plutoes* Agent dreſt to make him sport.
And that mis-shapen Monster *Drunkennesse*,
Is his sworne Taster to the *Furies* messe.
Next horrid *Murder*, makes his veynes to swell,
And is as *Butcher* to the King of Hell.
Couetousnesse is his chief'st Officer,
And *Enuie* forreine-States Interpreter.
Sloath is his Chamber-groome, and makes the Bed
To *Lust*, his Sodomitick *Ganymed*.
Thus *Pluto* spends the *TIME* amidst those Reuills,
That first for pleasure were deuizde by Diuells.
Who surfetting at length, made drunk with myrth,
Casts vp those *Monsters* to defile the Earth
That with weake *Frailtie*, lickes those vomits vp,
For *Plutos Nectar*, which must fill his Cuppe.
These Hellish States-men, these foule-killing sinnes,
To follow here on Earth who so beginnes.
And meanes to practise, as they come but neare him,
Well may hee know GOD, but hee cannot feare him.

Trahit sua quemq; Voluptas.

HOwle on yee *Satyrs*, whilst I sit and marke,
How woluish-Enuie at my *Muse* doth barke.
Backbite, detract, rayle, slaunder, and reuile,
With words of hatred and vnciuill stile.

First,

Firſt comes a Stateſman to the *Stationer*,
And many better Bookes hee paſſing ouer,
By chaunce findes this, whereon he reades a while,
Then bytes the lippe, then frownes, then giues a ſmile,
And to the *Seller* ſayes ſuch fiery braines,
Should warme the priſon to reward their paines.
Becomes it any man of his profeſſion,
Reproue vs of our manners or tranſgreſſion?
Away goes hee; Next comes my gallant Dycer,
His ordinarie ſtomacke is more nicer,
Who asks for new Bookes; this the *Stationer* ſhowes him:
Streight ſweares t'is nought vnles the Poet knows him.
Nor will hee read a Line: this *Fortunes* Mynion,
Likes forſooth nothing but his owne opinion.
The mending Poet takes it next in hand,
Who hauing oft the Verſes ouer-ſcand.
O filching ſtreight, doth to the *Stationer* ſay,
Heer's foure lines ſtolne from forth my laſt New-play.
And that hee'l ſwere euen by the *Printers* Stall,
Although hee knowes tis falſe hee ſpeakes in all.
Then comes my *Innes-of-Court-Man*, in his Gowne,
Cryes *Mew*, what *Haekney*, brought this wit to towne,
But ſoone againe my gallant Youth is gon,
Minding the *Kitchin* more then *Littleton*.
Tut, what cares hee for Law, ſhall haue inough,
When's Father dyes, that Cankard *Miſer*-Chuffe.
Put him a *Caſe* in *Ployden* then who will,
That being his, plod you on Law-Bookes ſtill.
Next comes by my *Familiar*, yet no Spirit,
Who forceth me his Friendſhip to inherit.
He ſees my Booke in Print, and ſtreight hee knowes it,
Then asketh for the Booke, and the Boy ſhowes it.
Then reades a while and ſayes, I muſt commend it,
But ſure, *Some Frend of his* for him hath pend it.

He

He cannot write a Booke in such a fashion,
For well I wote t'was nere his Occupation.
Besides by *Checquer-Clarks*, that oft haue seene him,
I nere could heare of Schollership was in him.
Twere good to poze him but to haue it knowne,
Or t'is no matter, let it euen alone.
Next after him, your Countrey-Farmer viewes it,
It may be good (saith hee) for those can vse it.
Shewe mee King *Arthur*, *Bevis*, or Syr *Guye*,
Those are the Bookes he onely loues to buye.
Well, that he likes and walkes. Then comes a Diuell,
With sober countenance, and Garments ciuill.
A *Puritane*, or pure one, choose you whether,
(For both as one makes selfe-same sense together.)
Hee lookes on some, and finding this the next,
With very sight therof his minde is vext.
Fye ont't (saith he) that any man should buye,
Such Bookes prophane of fained Poetrie,
That teacheth vice, worse then your Playes on Stages,
And is a shame to olde and future Ages.
To louing Brother-hoods Communitie,
That are defilde by such Impuritie.
Away retires my fained *Publican*,
And after him next comes my Seruing-man.
Who calls for new Bookes, heres one sayes the Boy,
He reads, and tells him, tut, this is a toy,
And nere will please our Maides that take delight,
In bookes of Ladies or some valiant Knight.
Those wittie workes buyes hee, and thence he passes,
Next him comes my *Scholaris*, mongst those *Asses*,
Who scarce vouchsafes his eyes thereon to glance,
Or reading but a line or two by chance.
Must on it streight way strine to breake a iest,
(As who shall know hee's wiser then the rest.)

His wit that made this, well may begge by Pattin,
Ile nere allow that good which hath no *Lattin*.
Besides, how euer I disdaine to read him,
Vnles I knew what *House* or *Colledge* bred him.
Lo thus my *Batchellour* of little Artes,
Will needes (presage t'is naught) and so departs.
At length comes by my *Mungrell* home-spun Clarke,
Whose *Antique* gesture I beseech you marke.
No sooner this my *Booke* in hand he seeth,
But rubs his elbow, showes his butter teeth,
And sayes, Is't English? then let him alone,
For other language (tells you) learnt he none.
But knowes by whome this *Epigram* was made,
Hee's iust saith hee a man of mine owne Trade.
Then on the sudden falls his courage downe,
Finding a Clarke translated from a Clowne.
Which hauing read, n'ere asks him how they sell,
But steales away, and shames to bid *Farewell*.
Last comes my scoffing Friend of scowring wit,
Who thinks his iudgement boue all Arts doth sit.
He buyes the *Booke*, and hastes him to the *Play*,
Where, when he coms, and reads, Heer's stuffe doth say.
Because the lookers on may hold him wise,
He laughs at what he likes, and then will rise,
And takes *Tobacco*; Then about will looke,
And more dislike the *Play*, then of the *Booke*.
At length is vext hee should with charge be drawne,
For such slight sights to lay a Sute to pawne.
A Number more like *Addle* braines as these,
I could giue Physicke to for their disease.
But better subiects shall employ my penne,
Then the Low-minded muddy drosse of men,
That wrong our labours by their duller spirits,
And iudge vs by their hate, not by our merits.

I taxe

I taxe no one particular with crimes,
That can finde fault at my *Satyricke* Rimes.
Good men will loue mee, whiles the bad I loſe.
Hee that ſpeakes alwayes truth, is ſure of Foes.

Sic Tranſit gloria Mundi.

MArke & you loue me, who's yond marching hither,
Some braue *Low-countrey-Captain*, with his feather
And high-Crownd-hat, ſee into *Paules* he goes,
To ſhowe his Doublet and *Italian* Hoſe.
The whiles his *Corporall* walkes th'other Ile,
To ſee what ſimple Gulls he can beguile,
In hope of purchaſe, for if ſuch he meet,
They follow muſt his *Captaine* through the Street.
Where the poore Gulls before this Leader ſtand,
With lowly reuerence, and their Hats in hand.
Houering an Idoll, for true worth it ſelfe,
Becauſe he keeps him braue with wrong got-pelfe.
But note this Gallants *Genealogie*,
Then ſhall you ſee his byrth and progenie.
His Father liu'd by gaming to defraude,
His Mother was an Ale-wife, and a Bawde.
Yet doth this *Outſide* ſo deceyue mens ſight,
As oftentimes hee's taken for a Knight.
But Farewell *Captaine*, and now note this man,
This griping *Mammon* that doth all he can
To bee on Earth Great *Plutoes-Treaſurer*,
And when he dies, in Hell an Officer.
This Slaue in *Caſh* hath forty thouſand pound,
Yet ſuch a wretch there breaths not on the ground.
His Parents in their liues, gaue him their ſtate,
But he returnd their loues with matchleſſe hate.

That like a *Pellican* to doe him good,
He nouriſht was by ſucking of their blood.
And now poſſeſt of all they had before,
Vnnaturally againſt them ſhuts his Dore.
Yet now this Monſter liues to doe more euill,
Lurking here ſtill a *Ledger* for the Diuell.
The next to him comes *Prodigalitie*,
A Townesmans Heire ſtrowting in brauerie. (tors,
This Foole makes Suppers for Whores, Bawds, & Chea-
Yea, lends them money, but to call them Debtors.
Nere lookes to hate' againe: Couſnage defeat him,
When he wants Money at his neede, they beate him.
No wonder, for hee more deſerues by halfe,
Tis good enough for ſuch a golden Calfe.
Of whom a man may trulie propheſie,
His ende will be diſeaſed *Beggarie*.
Next a penurious *Miſer* wretch comes forth,
That owes his bellie more then he is worth.
Yea, faine would feede out of the Priſoners basket,
Were not for feare, or ſhame, he durſt not aske it.
Yet hath his Shoppe and Cellers ſtuffe with Wares,
Which to make profite of hee onely cares.
Nere breakes the intereſt that thence redounds,
But is as prouident in penie as pounds.
Who to ſaue charges faine would woolward goe,
But that he doubts the world thereof ſhould know.
Tut, penny ſau'de (ſaith hee) is penny got,
Spend they that meane to begge, I like it not.
If labour or preuention can it let,
Heel' not in *Fleete* or *Counter* lye for Debt.
No, no, ſuch Husbands as are worldly wiſe,
Will ſpend no more then nature ſhall ſuffiſe.
As not to drinke more then their braynes can carie,
For feare their iudgements from their wits ſhould varie.

A thou-

A thousand Cautions more hee might inforre,
To make him proue a damned Vsurer.
Adding still Interest to the principall,
Till in the ende hee hang himselfe for all.
But note what sober Citizen comes next,
That like a Preacher will expound a Text.
And tell what danger comes by doing euill,
Speake like a Saint, and doe worse then a Diuell.
For Golde heel' wrong his Father, cheat his Brother,
And yet these faults reproues hee in another.
Who vnder cloake of Ciuill pollicie,
Presumes to couer all his villanie.
Pluto takes pride to see these plants so flourish,
Who as his Children hee desires to nourish,
And takes them home when they haue spent their prime
Least tarrying long they should corrupt more time.
But wherefore rippe I vp those dregges of men,
That wrongs true labour and a *Satyrs* pen.
To treat of *Warres* or Actions to be done,
Let next the Current of your Channells runne.

¶ *A Paradox in praise of Warre.*

PEACE thou Corrupter of Mortalitie,
Mother of shame and base securitie.
Whose beggerd wombe so many Bastards brings,
Three parts must starue, the rest like demie Kings,
Raigne 'ore their Brothers, all maligne their byrth,
To haue one Father, yet are Slaues on Earth.
Aide mee ye powers, whose influence got you Fame,
To rippe the wombe of peace, and shewe her shame.
Peace makes a faire showe, but tis fowle within,
Peace like to Riuers, feedes a Sea of sinne.

Let *Warre* in Forraine Lands hunt drowzie *Peace*,
And in a iuſt cauſe mans renowme increaſe.
T'is wholſome *Warre* diſſolues the courſe of ſinne,
Men beſt repent, when dangers neere beginne
To ſhew their Faces'; but whiles peace doth hold,
Our ſtrength is weake, and our Deuotion cold.
Safety from worldly danger makes men thinke,
They that ſtand faſt on earth ſhall neuer ſinke.
The *Countrey-Myſer* that his gold preſerues,
To feede him fatte whiles many thouſand ſtarues,
Is thus occaſiond by this ſlothfull peace,
Which leſſens vertue to make vice increaſe.
T'is ſeareleſſe *Peace* makes pleaſure mans chiefe God,
We want both ſight and feeling of *Warres* rodde.
That Land more happie is that *Warre* doth nouriſh,
Cauſing the world in better ſtate to flouriſh.
For danger makes vs feare a ſudden ende,
Feare ſaddes the ſoule becauſe it did offend.
The feare of danger makes each man prepard,
And of his ill paſt life to haue regard.
Danger calls Conſcience to a ſtrict account,
Repentance makes a heauie ſoule to Mount.
Tis ſoft ſecuritie lulls men in ſinne,
That onely couet but Earths ioyes to winne.
Tis idle *Peace* that breedes in vs ſuch faction
As kills at home, for want of Forraine action.
The Valiant man doth hence his *Fame* increaſe,
Maintaines himſelfe by warres, growes poore by peace!
Hence flowes the fountaines of detected vice,
Sloath, Luſt, Deceipt, and filthie *Auarice*.
Extortion, Uſurie, and gaines *Exceſſe*,
Gryping the Liuing of the *Fatherleſſe*.
So they by vſe or fraude their bagges may fil.
In ſhow of goodnes they'l commit all ill.

Cheat

Cheat their owne Brother to gaine worldly droſſe,
And make them poore by Law, that ſuch dares croſſe.
For this all-wiſhing-*Golde* is of that force,
As muffles *Iuſtice*, and exiles *Remorce*.
Golde in theſe times can turne the wheele of *Fate*,
And make them beſt belou'd deſerues moſt hate.
Golde can make peace ioyne hands of deadly Foes,
Gold can make warre again wound peace with blowes:
T'is peace that makes this *Indian Golde* ador'd
This golden Calfe Idolatrizde, abhor'd.
Golde in the ſoule breedes ſuch an alteration,
As men deſire it more then their ſaluation.
Some cut mens throats for Golde, commit all euils,
Gold makes them Gods on Earth, and in Hell Diuels.
T'is purſie Peace that makes it of ſuch price,
And is the Mother of all ſinne and vice.
Making vs prone to all ſecuritie,
Which thus proceedes through times ſecuritie.
Peace makes Religion faint, and not regarded,
Vertue a Beggar, *Learning* vnrewarded.
Strange new Damnations, drowzie *Peace* beginnes,
And now the world well knowes the worſt of ſinnes,
Which through ſecuritie doe ſo increaſe,
As endleſſe plagues are matched ſtill with Peace.
Plura ſequerentur.

The faults eſcaped in the Printing (or any other omiſſion) are to be excuſed, by reaſon of the Authors abſence from the Preſſe, who thereto ſhould haue giuen more due inſtructiõs. Which the rather was neglected becauſe the Booke (beeing long ſince finiſhed) is as you ſee but lately publiſhed. Amõgſt the reſt (not leaſt to be reformed) in the laſt leafe of the Epigrams, in ſtead of the word Ballocks, read *Ballackths, and in ſteed of hauing,* read *ſauing. Beſides other ſcurrilities, which ſhould haue bene left out.*

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Peace makes Religion faint, and not regarded,
Vertue a Beggar, Learning vnrewarded.
Strange new Damnations, drowzie Peace beginnes,
And now the world well knowes the worſt of ſinnes,
Which through ſecuritie doe ſo increaſe:
As endleſſe plagues are matched ſtill with Peace.
Plura ſequerentur.

The faults eſcaped in the Printing (or any other omiſſion) are to be excuſed, by regarding the Authors abſence from the Preſſe, who thereto ſhould haue given more dut ſuch notitiös. Which the rather was neglected becauſe the Booke (theeing long ſince finiſhed) is as you ſee but lately publiſhed. Amongſt the reſt (not leaſt to be reſerued) in the laſt leaſe of the Epigrams, in ſtead of the word Bullocks, read Pallockes, and in ſtead of hauing, read ſauing. Beſides other ſemblables, which ſhould haue beneleſt out.

XUM